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For the Arizonian.

The City of Hermosillo.

The city of Hermosillo, par excellence the city and at present the capital of the Mexican State of Sonora, is situated on the right bank of the so-called Rio del Sonora, about 45 miles from where that stream is lost in sands and swamps. The nearest point to the Gulf of California is west, close to Tiburon island, distant about 60 miles. Along the shores in this direction none but the Ceres and Tiburon Indians are encountered. Southerly, about 100 miles distant, is the seaport of Guaymas, which is connected by a semi-weekly line of stages. The fare on this line is \$5.00, and the time occupied from 21 to 33 hours, according to the speed with which passengers wish to travel.

Hermosillo contains about 10,000 inhabitants, and stands on a gravelly table land, two spurs of calcareous mountains coming from the rugged ranges north and south, which form the Valley of the Rio del Sonora separate the latter into two vast plains, several miles in width. The western is that seemingly endless slope towards Tiburon island. Isolated and barren mountains define the north and the south, and the Sonora river, meandering through the centre may be traced for many a mile, not by a volume of water as one would suppose from the name of river, but by a broad belt of dry, glaring sand, lined with rows and groups of cottonwood trees. Outside of these lines of trees, sometimes on one or the other side of the river, we find the cultivated portions of this, one of the best valleys of Sonora. These lands are a light alluvial deposit made by the summer freshets of the river. Owing to the warm climate and irrigation, they produce well, as far as the water will reach; as every inch has to be irrigated to produce at all. These bottoms are seldom over half a mile in width, but what there is, has by hard work become a species of paradise. There are luxuriant fields of fine Sonora wheat, clover, corn, sugar cane, vines, and other agricultural products, intermixed with groves of beautiful shade and fruit trees.—Oranges, lemons, limes, quinces, pomgranates, palms, and other fruits produce well. Plantains, pine-apples, and the northern fruits grow to advantage.

The city itself consists of brick and adobe houses of the usual Mexican style, but generally plastered and painted. A few are two stories high, with flat roofs and commonly simple exterior. They present no striking picture when seen from one of the nearest hills, but the many beautiful shade trees in their courtyards and little gardens, gives quite a refreshing appearance to that otherwise desolate, thirsty country. Some of the houses in the centre of the town are built in better taste than usual, and quite a number are elegantly fitted up inside. Although possessing some private houses of great comfort and good style, we cannot say as much for those generally termed public buildings. The most conspicuous of these is the old mint, where money was never coined, and which now is used for soldier's quarters. It looks dreary and dimmed, grey with age and weather. It is in perfect harmony with the decay of the Republic.

Still worse is the appearance of the principal church, a long, dark, barnlike adobe structure, with all kinds of "gingerbread work" inside and out. In better taste is a little chapel near the eastern end of the town, called "El Carmen." The prison and town hall on the plaza are simply one story houses with a little tower and clock. The "plaza" is about 100 yards square, and is provided with seats where one may spend a pleasant hour in the evening beneath the thick foliage of fine oak trees.—On a summer's night, with a clear sky, a delicious breeze from the Gulf, fragrant with the odor of the orange and thousands of flowers from the many surrounding gardens, an hour's lounge here is well spent. After the sun sets and the heat moderates, the plaza is much resorted to by the aristocracy of the town, and not seldom the sound of the light guitar is mingled with the beautiful notes of the numerous mocking birds, that are perched in the shadows of the fragrant lemon and orange groves of the gardens. If it is a pleasant place to pass an evening it is far from handsome in the daytime. The dry old adobe buildings, church and prison, the glaring sun, and in summer the intense heat, makes the closed houses far more comfortable than the plaza.

Another public plaza is the Alemela, which if not shamefully neglected, would be a most delightful drive in daytime, the walks being lined with rose-bushes.

With few exceptions the streets are narrow, a small number paved, but badly. There are no sidewalks. The theatre, where amateur actors perform once or twice a week, is a large round three story building, not bad for a small city like Hermosillo—without a roof, which answers well in the summer, but is rather cold in the winter. The stage is small, the acting and music exceedingly primitive, owing to their continued aim at the classic, instead of confining themselves to the light comedy, in which they are not bad.

Two canals, about twelve feet wide by one in depth, run through the whole length of the town. The water is used for irrigating, for milling purposes, for washing and bathing in daytime, and after the bustle of the day is over is used by many for drinking and culinary purposes. Then scores of dusky beauties, generally of Indian origin, are seen with their peculiar "ollas" (earthen jars) on their heads, filled with water for next day's use. Many families, however, have wells. All the water is slightly impregnated with alkali, but it is still better than that of Arizona. The climate, although cool in the winter, is excessively hot in the summer, but it is very healthy; no epidemics prevail.

Of note, and of great beauty, when seen from a distance, is the Campana or Bell mountain, near the centre of the city. This mountain is washed by the Sonora river, and rises up above the plaza like a gigantic pyramid, which it very much resembles in shape. It is probably 500 feet in height, consisting of barren granular limestone, crests of which, of great beauty, crop out like combs along its slopes. Isolated peaks, cragged with massive columns of threatening appearance, shoot up high from its sides, and ruins of them, huge fragments, surround the whole base. The loftiest of these peaks consists of an indiscriminately piled up heap of rocks, in the intervals of which wild dogs, buzzards, owls, and reptiles have a home.

From the top of the mountain the view is extensive and beautiful. The world of rugged mountain ranges everywhere, crowding, as it seems at first sight, around Campana, like an assembly around their monarch—their outlines although wild in the extreme tinged with a soft blue, encompassing the plain to the

west, already noticed, and that of the east which does not differ in appearance from the other, makes this one of the finest views we ever beheld. Nothing is needed but a noble stream to make it sublime. The outlines of nature and art are just seen, while the detail, so barren, dreary and desolate, is concealed in a mysterious distance.

A few miles above the town, the Sonora is joined by the stream called San Miguel River, rising within a day's journey of the Presidio of Santa Cruz, near the American line. Like most streams (called rivers!) in Sonora, it is an intermittent, only, its waters rising to the surface at times, but for the most part they are engulfed in the deep loose sands that fill the beds of the streams. Along its margin above are some of the finest haciendas in Sonora, and the lands on the upper part are cultivated by the brave and industrious Opatas Indians.

Having made an attempt at giving a general view of the city we can only add that Hermosillo is the great centre of the commerce of the State. Its position as a distributing point for all parts of the interior, especially to the mining sections, is excellent, and in consequence it has within a comparatively short space of time, and without government support, become the principal commercial depot. We find here some very elegantly fitted up stores, and large stocks of French and English goods. Still, as in Guaymas and other Spanish towns, these establishments do not give a fair illustration of the whole commercial transactions of the place. With few exceptions the commerce is carried on by Mexicans. Among the foreign houses those of Messrs. Ortiz, Camou Brothers, Andrade, Perez, and Cortez are the principal ones.

There are perhaps 15 Americans, 3 Germans, a few English, some Spanish, and some 50 French residents, which number however, is continually changing. Quite a number of the latter are married to black-eyed señoritas, and live a contented, if not luxurious, life.

Those of the foreigners who are not merchants, are mechanics, of a peculiar disposition generally. They live easy, work light, take the world as it is; are generally in hope of making a pile, but do not stake their temporal and eternal happiness to procure it, as we do. Who is the wisest, I leave others to decide. There is one thing certain, however: if they do not sacrifice every thing to procure a pile, there is hardly an instance known where one has been made. The oldest inhabitant cannot recollect such a thing; but they still go on as well as we do, with perhaps this difference, which is, that they eat more beans; that they use red pepper to our black, and dried beef to our salt horse, as Jack generally calls it. He who don't like such fare and prospects, ought to go to another hotel.

The Mexican residents of Hermosillo are courteous and polite, no matter of what class or color they may be. It is difficult to say what blood predominates, as far as numbers are concerned, but there is more of the white in it, as is generally believed. Many are highly educated: some at home, others in Mexico, the U. States and Europe, but a great number of the lower class are principally in California. The people in general are of far better disposition than those of southern Mexico. At the fandango and fiestas of the lower classes, they may get drunk at times, but they will hardly ever have a riot or fight. If knives are displayed, they are generally wielded by runaway convict soldiers, imported in the country by the supreme government from Guadalajara. Revolvers are never seen in the streets, nor is it a custom to go armed. For the last five years I know of no murders committed in the city, neither are stores broken open, but thieving of a trifling nature occurs at times.

The expense of living is remarkable, although the fare at the hotels is not equal to Delmonico's. They are generally kept by Frenchmen, sometimes by Mexicans. Any establishment is supposed to last from six months to a year.—Then every one is insolvent.

This tendency to breaking is not caused by the extravagant expenses of the landlord, or high prices of articles consumed by the boarders, but rather by the lack of consumers. Mexicans generally prefer to stay with some of their numerous relations, perhaps dating from Noah, or some remote period; and foreigners, who are the men that spend the cash, are but few generally. Only at the annual excitement, when it is either supposed by the boys that Sonora has been purchased, or will be shortly, by old U. S., which has been the case for the last six years, landlords do a good business. Americans and others then flock in the country. They, at first like the orange trees—the delicious aroma in the air—the easy manners of the people—the many pretty girls—even go so far as to approve of chili Colorado and tortillas for a time. When, however, the excitement ends in smoke, then that eternal blue sky gets tiresome, and reminds them of some very bad place, with which Sonora is not seldom compared. Misfortunes never come alone;—with the failure to buy Sonora, is generally connected with a vacancy in the portmonie, and the question is now, not how and where to speculate, but how to get out of the country, in double quick time, before the last last eagle takes its flight. Hard times is then coming. The excitement and throng of human beings over, the landlords hold out a little longer, and break. This is no joke. It is a question of time only, influenced by the amount of capital or credit, a hotel is started with. There are other novelties, perhaps, but they present no great attraction. At times a strolling band of bull-fighters will exhibit in the outskirts of the town, but the bulls being generally emaciated, poor, miserable devils, they by far do not present that interest as those fights of our bullies at home.

The social state is deplorable. The continual revolutions have sown distrust in the very heart of family life. All friendly intercourse has been destroyed. The piano, harp and guitar, which formerly invited the neighbors and friends to joy and happiness, have ceased to ring, or they only send melancholy through the halls where they formerly only sent forth the tunes of Straus, and other veterans of the waltz.

Such is Hermosillo: and I only regret that I cannot add statistics of its agricultural productions, and of other matters, at present, that could be relied upon. H. E.

THE MAYNARD RIFLE.—We learn that Lt. Col. Roberts, of the Mounted Riflemen, U. S. A., one of the best shots in the service, has recently been trying the new Maynard rifle, and pronounces it the best gun in the world for horsemen. He fired ten shots with it a distance of 888 yards, and put eight of his ten bullets in an oak tree, penetrating it, at that great distance, quite two inches, and this, too, with a charge of but forty grains of U. S. rifle powder.

Diggs saw a note lying on the ground, but knew that it was a counterfeit, and walked on without picking it up. He told Smithers the story, when the latter said:

"Do you know, Diggs, you have committed a very grave offence?"

"Why, what have I done?"

"You have passed a counterfeit bill, knowing it to be such," said Smithers, without a smile, and fled.

We have the last conundrum: "If Sickles is a murderer, what is Butterworth?" Some enterprising grocer is expected to reply, "twenty-two cents a pound."

Men of the noblest souls find themselves happiest when their fellow men share that happiness with them.